The Pack

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The Pack

by suziesu74

Summary

Harry is bitten by Greyback during the final battle.
While dealing with becoming a werewolf, Harry finds himself feeling the urge to form a pack.

Notes

hi everyone

If you've read my stuff before then you won't be surprised by the sex - rough sex will feature heavily in this story.
WARNING - there is werewolf/human sex in this chapter. you have been warned so don't moan at me lol.
if you love it though let me know ;)

The Pack

"Harry." A soft voice broke the ether of his dreamless world, images of blood and destruction flittering through his brain as Harry struggled to respond. The voice echoed again, the familiar tones of Hermione piercing his muddled mind and he slowly regained consciousness. His mouth opened in a silent scream, the pain having robbed his voice as the bone crushing agony consumed his body.

"Nurse, nurse..please help!" the frantic quality of Hermione's usually calm voice alerted Harry to the fact that something was very wrong. A peak of pain reached a crescendo and his voice returned, his eyes refusing to open as he howled. His cry of pain sounding almost animalistic in its intensity, his throat aching as the cry tapered down to a whimper, the pain ebbing. Then darkness, feeling a pain relieving spell wash over his body as he succumbed to unconsciousness. Memories and sensations from the final battle playing in his fevered mind.

Voldemort dead, a swirling mist as he disintegrated filling the air and the breeze carried away the wizard. The echo of his final screams rebounding in the silent courtyard. Harry stood still and stunned, his mind reeling at the finality of everything.

He's gone…I'm free.

The sun began to set, a russet colour on the horizon and the moon appeared as darkness filled the night sky. Harry found his eyes focused on the eerie full moon hanging heavy in the sky, the light casting a calm glow over the destroyed remains of Hogwarts. Voices came nearer, the cries of lament at the dead and of celebration at the defeat of the Death eaters. Unaware of the crouching figure hidden in the shadows, their body contorting as the change took effect, yellow eyes fixed on the moon and snout scenting the air.

"Harry!" Ginny shouted in the distance, the voice reaching his ears a moment too late. A shout lodged in his own throat as a heavy weight tackled him to the ground, hot fetid breath on his face and gleaming fangs descended. Harry's wand fell from his fingers as the fangs ripped into his shoulder, the target having been his throat but having turned at the last moment, the wolf ravaged the juncture of his shoulder instead. The scream of agony trapped in his throat and Harry felt blood spurt from his

torn flesh, the scent filling the air. Hazy pain filled eyes looked up into snarling yellow depths, Greyback growled and moved in for the kill. The killing blow never came, Harry felt the impact of another body against his and snarls of anger. A strong hand pressed to the wound on his neck, Sirius' voice panicked and scared. Opening his eyes, the night sky glowing above him and Harry turned to see Remus and Greyback fighting. The wolves circling each other, both covered with blood, Remus' snout dripping with gore and Harry could see Greyback slowing, his throat pouring with blood.

"Harry, Harry…stay with me…stay awake!" Sirius begged, his eyes welling with tears and Harry fought to stay awake. Drooping green eyes staring wildly at the moon, its light filling the sky and Harry was almost blinded by its intensity. Sirius pleaded for Harry to look at him but the moon seemed to call to him.

"Moon…so beautiful." Harry whispered, his eyes fluttered shut and stayed closed as he descended into the call of darkness.

"Harry…wake up mate." Ron's jovially voice had a worried edge to it and Harry's eye flickered open. The smile from his friend was partly happiness and partly relief.

"Everyone come quick..Harry's awake!" Ron's loud voice seemed to drive a spike of pain into Harry's head and he winced, "Sorry mate." Ron lowered his voice.

The room rapidly filled with people and Harry took in the clinical surroundings of his room at St Mungo's. The smell of antiseptic assaulted his nostrils and made him sneeze. Remus and Sirius ran into the room, both men looking tired. Sirius' eyes were wild and Remus' face pale and they both had bags under their eyes from lack of sleep. Harry's heart leapt at the sight of the two men, pulse racing with happiness that they had both survived.

My family

Mine

The second thought took him by surprise, the feeling associated with it was intense and strong. Shaking his fuzzy head to clear his thoughts, the feeling gone and the overwhelming sensation was one of joy at seeing his friends.

"Harry!" Ginny yelled and flung herself into his arms, her warm body

felt heavenly against his own. Sense memory reminding him of the last time they had been together at the Burrow, the kisses they had shared made his heart race.

“Hey Gin.” Harry’s voice was quiet and his throat rebelled at speaking, the soreness returning. Hermione having sensed his distress reached to pour him a glass of water and the cool liquid soothed his parched throat.

“How are you feeling?” Sirius asked, his face smiling but his eyes were concerned, Harry looked at everyone and realised the whole group wore matching features. The memory of Greyback flooded his mind and robbed him of his breath, gasping to fill his lungs. Ginny tried to sooth him, her touch doing nothing to curb the panic he felt building inside. Pushing her away, not even registering the look of despair on her face and the room became hazy as he hyperventilated. Remus immediately by his side, his voice calm and his cool fingers stroked his arm in a soothing gesture.

“Listen to my voice…take a slow calm breath and listen to me, that’s it,” he stroked his cheek and Harry found his body leaning into the touch, the man instantly relaxing him, “Good, that’s it..take a breath and slowly release it…good..relax.” Harry responded and his breathing returned to normal, shocked at the immediate response to his former professor.

“I’m a werewolf, aren’t I?” silence greeted his question and that was answer enough for him, tears began to brim in his eyes. Remus pulled him into hug, the warmth of the man calming Harry’s thundering heart. His eyes closed as he struggled not to weep, Sirius’ scent invading his senses and his godfather sat next to him.

“It’s going to be okay.” Sirius’ hushed tone made the tears fall and Harry felt his godfather wrap his arms around him.

“No…it’s not going to be okay.” Harry muttered in between his sobs.

No one spoke, the mood in the room tense and full of trepidation. Harry looked at the eyes of his friends and saw sorrow. Burrowing his face into Remus’ chest and breathing in the man, strangely comforted by the closeness of the other wolf.

Mine

The thought filling his mind again and taking away his breath, his pulse raced at the close proximity of Remus. A baser urge rising to the

surface, unable to control the emotion as his body responded. A sudden picture forming in his head and making his heart thud loudly.

Power…raw, uncontrollable need coursed through his veins. Soft skin yielded to his touch and scent of arousal filling his nostrils, the flare of desire clear in the heady smells emanating from the smooth skinned body beneath him. Harry's' eyes closed, his sight unneeded as he touched and grasped the warm body undulating underneath him.

"Mine." he growled in a voice that was deeper than his usual tone, the lust evident in the strained word.

"Yes." a voice echoed out followed by a soft moan. The scent increasing, Harry's mouth watered at the prospect of tasting the intoxicating fluid that he knew would be gathering. Fingertips scored silky flesh, sharp nails breaking the skin and marking them. Smooth lips touched his mouth, the kiss tasted of wild fire, freedom and cool earth. To Harry the meeting of lips tasted of home and acceptance. Saliva filled his mouth as he deepened the heated kiss, lips surrendered to his power. Wild green eyes opened to stare into the deep amber depths and he fell into oblivion.

The room was thankfully empty when he awoke the second time, the light from the might sky shining through a gap in the blinds. Harry felt drawn to look for the moon, standing on shaky legs as he approached the window. Disappointed at the small crescent that graced the sky and his heart feeling desolate at the absence of the heavy swollen moon.

"Full moon won't be for another three weeks." a soft voice spoke from behind him, turning to look at the smiling face of Sirius. The man standing in the doorway and leaning against the frame, his body relaxed.

"I'm a monster." Harry whimpered and Sirius immediately crossed the room, his strong arms embracing a distraught Harry. His voice caring but with a hint of authority as he spoke.

"No…you are not a monster!" he lifted Harry's chin, looking him directly in the eyes, the stare made Harry feel uncomfortable and he lowered his gaze, "You are not a monster…oh Harry…listen to me… everything will be okay." there was an honest certainty that made Harry look up, Sirius' eyes sparkled with understanding.

"What am I going to do?" Harry whispered, voice cracking with

despair.

“Well, for a start…you’re coming home with me,” Sirius hugged him tighter, Harry relaxed into the embrace, “Remus is staying with me at the moment.” the idea of being close to another wolf was comforting to Harry, the knowledge that someone who knew what he would be experiencing made him feel better to a degree.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

The warmth of Grimmauld place enveloped him as he emerged from the floo. The healers at St Mungo’s agreeing that home would be the best place for him also aware that being with a fellow werewolf would help lessen any distress at the changes he was bound to be going through. Harry closed his eyes, allowing the smells of the house to drift over him…Sirius’ cologne, the smoky embers from the fire and a spicy scent that permeated everything.

Remus

What?

Can I smell Remus?

Jumbled thoughts swirled around his head, remembering that the healers had said that his senses would increase, smell and hearing being the main ones. The latter sense tested as he heard footsteps from above them, coming from the direction of the attic and his feet moved towards them without even being aware that he was walking.

“Harry?” Sirius asked, “Where are you going?” his face was bemused.

“Remus is upstairs…I heard him.” Sirius stood, his face concentrating as he listened, Harry heard the soft steps and Sirius shook his head to indicate he could not hear him.

“Your sense of hearing is improving?” Harry nodded and he took a deep breath. The scents of the house overwhelming him and making him shake his head to remove them, a sneeze exploded from him. “Smell too?”

“You’ll get used to it,” Remus offered from the doorway, his face was drawn as he looked at them “How are you feeling?”

“Tired.” Harry yawned and the two men laughed.

“Right, lets get you to your room,” Sirius fussed around him, taking his bag and Remus led the way. The room had obviously been recently cleaned, a soft lemon scent filling Harry’s lungs. Clean, blue sheets had been turned down on the bed and Remus gestured for Harry to get ready for bed. Without even thinking, Harry drowsily pulled off his clothes, discarding them on the floor, a soft clearing of someone’s throat caught his attention. Stunned, when he realised that he was standing naked in front of the two men, Sirius blushing profusely and Remus stared into his eyes, refusing to look anywhere else. His heart began to beat faster at his own nudity and he scrambled to grab the pair of pyjamas that been placed ready for him at the foot of the bed. Remus’ eyes were fixed on him and not breaking the eye contact between them as he pulled on the soft pyjama bottoms.

“Okay…I’m dressed.” Harry’s voice was embarrassed and Sirius’ own face mirrored his discomfort. Amber eyes continued to watch him and Harry felt scrutinised by the gaze. The spell was broken by Sirius as he spoke, his voice aiming for amusing.

“Right, nature boy…into bed before you catch a cold.” Harry allowed himself to smile at his godfather and he climbed into bed. Remus stood silently, his eyes on Harry and a pink tinge on his cheeks. Harry yawned and reluctantly closed his eyes, feeling bereft at having to break eye contact.

“Get some sleep, Harry.” Remus whispered and Harry heard the door close behind the two men, sleep calling him and he surrendered to slumber.

The moon…Harry lay on the dewy grass staring at the night sky. A cool breeze caressed his skin, stunned as he looked down at his naked body. His skin glowing under the moon’s rays, the air warm and he let out a contented sigh. His eyes fluttered shut at the sensation of the air on his bare skin and the cool grass beneath his body. The urge to roll around on the ground was at the forefront of his mind, giving into the urge and wriggling on the grass. Scents washing over him, filling his mind, heady smells of the earth, sex and heat.

Sex

The thought making his cock awaken, the shaft lengthening and firming with blood. The scent of his arousal in the air, the heat pouring from his body and he wallowed in the caress of the wind. His cock twitched, the scent increasing and then mingling with another

scent, a stranger's smell. His heart leapt, the feeling of being watched breaking through his growing arousal. Opening his closed eyes and surveying the surrounding area, darkness all around him. The trees moving in the wind, the soft rustle of leaves the only noise in the deserted forest.

SNAP

The snap of a breaking twig filled the silence, Harry's heart stuttered to a stop and he held his breath. Yellow eyes stared at him, almost glowing in the moonlight as a large black wolf emerged from the nearby trees. Haunches low and fangs bared, a snarl carrying to Harry's ears on the breeze. Frozen to the spot unable to move and every muscle tense, Harry stood watching the approaching wolf with fear in his heart.

Oh god

Harry's breathing slowed and his heart thundered as the wolf came close enough for him to feel its breath across his skin. Warm heat wafted over his abdomen and his cock apparently unafraid of the development twitched. A pearly white drop of pre-come appeared at the tip of his cock, the smell of the fluid hit Harry and the wolf's nostrils at the same time. Harry gasped and the wolf growled, a low sound in its throat. Every muscle rigid as the wolf leaned closer, its raspy tongue peeping out and lapping at the gathered fluid. Harry's legs buckled and he nearly collapsed to the floor, the wolf licked its snout as if savouring the flavour.

I'm going to die

Waiting with held breath for the wolf to attack, stunned when its tongue lapped again, this time dipping into the slit trying to reach as much of his essence as possible. His cock hardened further under the wolf's ministrations and Harry let out a tiny whimper at the sensation. His mind reeled at the feeling and the realisation of what was happening, shocked that his first experience of oral sex would be with a wolf. The confusion pushed aside as the wolf doubled its efforts, lapping with enthusiasm and Harry involuntarily thrust forward. The head of his cock engulfed in the hot mouth of the whining wolf, its tongue twirling and swirling around the engorged head of Harry's thick length.

"Oh." Harry grunted, his hips moving of their own accord and pushing his cock deep into the wolf's mouth.

Yellow eyes looked up and locked on Harry's vivid green ones, the moment sexually charged but with a dangerous edge. Knowing that those fangs could snap down at any moment, the knowledge did not remove from the need to come that Harry felt building inside him. Grunting and sweating with the exertion of not thrusting fast, Harry struggled to breath. The low growls added a vibration to the bizarre blow job, the sensation causing Harry to almost scream out his pleasure. A fang lightly scored the underside of Harry's cock, rubbing alongside the throbbing vein and he could not contain himself.

"FUCK!" he screamed, his body shaking as he emptied himself into the wolf's panting mouth. Hot ribbons of come splashing its lolling tongue and coating its snout as it pulled off Harry's cock with a slurping noise.

The intensity of his climax making his knees wobble and he sank to the floor, the wolf moving with him. Sitting on its haunches and rubbing its soft fur against Harry's overheated flesh. Running his trembling fingers through the soft smooth fur, Harry revelled in the sensation of it flowing through his fingers. The wolf nuzzled his neck in a playful manner, its tongue licking across his mouth. Revulsion filled his mind for a brief second then the wolf repeated the motion as Harry found his tongue automatically coming out to lick alongside the come coated organ. Tasting himself on the wolf's snout, Harry sucked at the tip of the tongue and pulled it inside his mouth. The impromptu kiss was sloppy but brimming with desire. Both of them panting as the kiss broke apart, Harry mortified with himself. Berating himself for the acts that he had committed with the wolf, yellow eyes gazed at him and the wolf cocked his head. Its muzzle rubbed against Harry's cheek in what appeared to be a gentle gesture and Harry found himself smiling at the wolf. "

This is so wrong." he muttered and the wolf let out a low whine, yellow eyes looking up at the moon. The night was suddenly so bright that it hurt Harry's eyes, he let out a cry of pain. Squeezing his eyes shut and turning his head away, the movement seemed to be the catalyst for his body to rebel against him. Every fibre of his being screaming out in agony, muscles cramped and bone snapped. The crunching of bones distorting and remaking themselves filled Harry's head, the pain removing all rationally thought.

Pain… the pain… the pain… MAKE IT STOP!

His mouth opened in a silent scream, fingers digging into the ground beneath him and teeth gritted tightly shut. A fire burned through his

body and consumed his very soul. The wolf watched silently, its head resting on its front paws as it took in the sight. Suddenly there was silence, Harry stopped moving and let out a soft exhale, the pain gone. Opening his eyes to the shining night and the scents glowed all around him. Harry tried to stand, his legs wobbling and giving way beneath him. He slumped to the floor, ending up on all fours, looking down with new eyes to take in the sight of clawed paws. Heart racing and his mind in disarray, Harry threw back his head and howled at the night sky.

Remus

Chapter Notes

This chapter will be from Remus' point of view

warnings - contains rough sex

Pain crested his muscles in spasm as the change reverted and his body morphed to what it once was. Panting and gasping for air, the first thing Remus was aware of was the taste of blood coating his tongue.

Blood…oh God…it's not my blood.

Frightened to open his eyes, the certainty of seeing someone that he loved dead by his hand was terrifying. Slowly, his pain muddled mind returned to itself, flashes of colour and emotion bombarding his tired brain. Memories burned into his retinas repeated as if on a loop. A dark grey wolf below him while he tore out its throat, the feeling of victory and vindication screaming out in his veins.

Saved Harry…thank Merlin!

Saved what belongs to us

The wolf's thought screamed loudly in his head, Remus moaned at the feeling that came with the possessive statement. Confused and scared of the emotion that surged in his body at the thought.

Harry is not mine

Not yours…OURS

A blast of arousal rocketed through Remus' weary body making him groan out loud, his movements and whimpering attracting Sirius, his soft voice calling to him.

"Remus?" he whispered and stroked his brow, tenderly.

Wincing at the sudden bright light assaulting his eyes, his amber depths filled with tears at the pain the light caused and Sirius pulled down the blind. The smell of antiseptic filled Remus' delicate nostrils and he sneezed, Sirius let out a quiet laugh.

"Harry?" Remus managed to croak out, his voice still rough after the

change. Silence answered the question and for a brief second, Remus thought his heart would stop. Overcome with grief at the prospect of Harry being dead, Sirius must have sense the internal struggle in the wolf and touched his hand.

“He’s alive…” he paused and his voice cracked with emotion, his blue eyes turned away from Remus’ probing stare, “Oh fuck…Remi…he’s infected, Greyback bit him.”

No… no… no… no!

Yes

His mind waged war with itself, his human brain full of anguish but his wild wolf side basked in the knowledge, almost growling through his mind and revelling in a new addition to the family.

He’s not ours!

Take…take what’s ours…blood and heat…the hunt and sex

His face forlorn and Sirius mistook his anguished features for one of distress, not realising the struggle within him. He leaned into the familiar touch, Sirius’ scent invading his senses and the wolf calmed for the moment. Without being aware of it, Remus was pushing Sirius down on the bed, his mouth pressing kisses to the bared slender neck.

“Oh.” Sirius breathed, wrapping his arms around Remus and tightening the embrace. Remus could hear the thudding of his heart and the feel the pulse of it beneath his tongue as he licked the pulse point. A low growl filled the room and Sirius writhed under him, Remus pushed his firming cock against the blue eyed man’s half hard shaft. The effect instantaneous, Sirius moaned and Remus swallowed the greedy noise, his tongue plunging and muffling his subsequent moans of pleasure.

Fuck…claim…mark

The chant loud in his head, the wolf close to the surface and he was stunned at feeling, usually after a full moon there would be a lull as if the beast inside was satisfied. He deepened the kiss and reached down to roughly palm Sirius through his trousers, the smell of arousal beginning to permeate the air.

“Yes.” Sirius gasped.

Yes

Closing his eyes, Remus concentrated on pushing the wild emotions aside trying to allow the taste and feel of Sirius to wash over him. The man, his friend and his lover rutted frantically against Remus' solid length, the pressure on his cock pushing him close to the edge.

"I want to fuck you." Remus growled, Sirius eyes dilated with lust and he nodded.

"Now…yes now." he pulled away from Remus' to pull at his clothes, scrambling to reveal skin.

"Everyone come quick…Harry's awake!" Ron's booming voice echoed to the room and Sirius' hand froze, both men groaning.

"Shit," he pressed a quick kiss to Remus' mouth, the wolf frowning, "Come on, we need to see Harry."

"I…yes…you're right." Sirius gave Remus a strange look, the obvious disappointment was etched on the amber eyed man's face.

Remus wearily got up from the bed, grabbing his clothes, unable to meet Sirius' eye, aware that his lover assumed he was sulking about being denied sex. The truth was the moment Ron called, Remus' heart had leapt in his chest. Desire consuming him, the urge to fuck Sirius burning inside him but mixed with the yearning for Harry.

What's happening…I've never looked at Harry like that.

Never ?

Liar

He noticed his hands were shaking as he pulled on his trousers, his arousal having diminished was renewed by the thought of Harry. His mind in turmoil, the wolf dominating his thoughts and making him admit to himself, yes he had looked at Harry. The young man was handsome, smart and fiercely loyal. Looking up to watch Sirius and Remus felt sick, the feeling that he was betraying his lover crawling all over him and making his heart break.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

The smell of Harry's scent filled his lungs and made his heart race as they entered the hospital room. Ginny flew into Harry's arms, his face

lit up and Remus sensed the spike of arousal in the air.

He wants her

The scent changed to one of panic, looking up to stare into Harry's frightened eyes. The teen gasping to breathe, his heart was thundering and Remus could hear it from across the room. Ginny's face hurt and confused as Harry pushed her away. Remus' body took over, crossing the room and taking the hyperventilating boy into his arms. Suppressing the urge to moan at the feel of Harry's bare chest against him, gradually he felt the teen relaxing in his embrace. Sirius sat next to him, stroking Harry's back and Remus looked at him, a soft gaze into Harry's wild green eyes.

"I am werewolf, aren't I?" Remus' found he could not open his mouth and speak, the raw emotion on Harry's face robbing him of his voice. Remus pulled the boy tighter in his arms.

"It's going to be okay." Remus could hear Sirius struggling not to cry.

"No…it's not going to be okay." Harry's voice was hushed and defeated, tears falling freely onto Remus' chest.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

The mood when Remus and Sirius returned Grimmauld Place was sombre. Both men at a loss for what to say to each other and Harry's pain was heavy on their minds.

"He needs to stay with us," Sirius began, Remus struggled to breathe at the prospect of being around the teen, "I know Molly offered but he needs us…especially you Remi."

"What?" Remus asked having not heard anything Sirius had said, his mind all over the place.

"You're tired, aren't you," Sirius tenderly stroked a lock of hair from Remus' brow, "Harry will need us…you need to be there for him," his blue eyes sparkled with love and Remus tried to smile, his face hurting with the effort, "Go and get some sleep."

Eyes almost half closed by the time he made it to their bed, Remus fell onto the soft mattress and allowed sleep to overcome him.

Heat…warmth wrapped around him and he let out a contented sigh. A soft growl in his ear and Remus' opened his eyes. A large ebony

black wolf looming over him, with dreamy eyes Remus reached up to stroke it's fur and a small moan spilled from his lips at the feel of the silky strands running through his fingers.

Flaring yellow eyes seemed to stare right into his soul and Remus nuzzled under it's chin. The growl long and drawn out, Remus scored his fingers down the wolf's flank. A soft nip pressed to Remus' throat and he shivered with desire, leaning back to expose his throat to the wolf. Whimpering with need as a rough tongue lapped at his neck, the feeling undesirable and his cock began to firm.

"Remi…wake up." a voice filled his mind and he nestled against the wolf, enjoying the warmth.

"Remi…wake up, sleepyhead." Sirius' voice echoed follow by a soft smack to the head.

"Ow." Remus yawned and Sirius offered his usual charming smile.

"I'm going to pick up Harry, do you want to come?"

Remus couldn't help the flare of something deep in his chest, fighting the feeling and looking at Sirius. His heart skipped a beat at the vision of dark haired devil sitting on the bed, leaning up to press a kiss to Sirius' mouth.

I love Sirius

"I love you." Remus had to tell him, hoping that it would push aside these new uncomfortable desires that seemed to growing inside him.

"I love you too Moony." Sirius whispered and deepened the kiss, their tongues duelling wetly.

"You better go and get him," Remus said when they came up for air, both of them knowing they had to stop before things got out of hand, " I'll stay and make sure everything is ready."

Remus found himself sitting in the attic, suddenly drawn to look at old photographs. A sad smile on his face as he went through the marauder pictures, his eyes brimming with unshed tears at the vision of the four of them, smiling like loons. James crossing his eyes, Peter flicking the two fingered salute, Sirius and himself had their arms wrapped around each other with their tongues hanging out.

What would James think if he knew…this is wrong…I can't want Harry

Want…passion…need…yes

"Shut up!" Remus screamed in the thankfully empty house, his head in his hands. His nostrils flared and his ears pricked at the flare of the floo. A scent wafted over him, wild and earthy in its tones.

Harry

"Your sense of hearing is improving?" Sirius' voice drifted to him as he approached the drawing room with trepidation, a loud sneeze filled the quiet, "Smell too?"

Taking a huge lungful of air, Remus walked into the room, freezing in the doorway at the sight of Harry, "You'll get used to it." he managed to say without his voice wobbling, Harry smiled at him and yawned, "How are you feeling?"

"Tired." Harry's soft voice answered, Sirius and Remus laughed.

"Right, lets get you to your room." Sirius smiled brightly grabbing Harry's bag and the teen rolled his eyes at his godfathers fussing, Remus had to turn away from him and led the way.

Harry seemed half asleep, looking round the room and breathing in the clean scent. Remus pointed to the bed and he was stunned when Harry began to strip off. Glazed green eyes unfocused as he revealed smooth tanned skin. Remus turned to look at Sirius, his blue eyes just as astounded as his, incapable of resisting Remus turned to look at the naked teen. Drinking in every inch of the taut flesh, eyes skimming his toned arms, stomach and quickly as to not draw attention he looked at Harry's flaccid penis. Even slumbering, the organ was impressive and Remus found his mouth was dry, clearing his throat and Harry seemed to come back to himself. Blushing furiously, he pulled on his pyjamas bottoms, Remus found that they were staring at each other. Harry's green eyes locked on his, both of them powerless to break the contact.

He's so beautiful

Sirius' voice rang out and his tone was brimming with embarrassed mirth, Remus didn't hear the words but Harry laughed, climbing into the bed with a smile. Remus' took a breath and Harry yawned again, climbing into bed and his eyes were still glancing at Remus. Slowly his eyes began to flutter shut but he seemed to want to fight but eventually weariness overcame him and he closed them.

"Get some sleep, Harry." Remus whispered and the two men left the

slumbering teen.

“He’s exhausted,” Sirius offered and began walking back to the stairs, Remus following him as if in a daze, “This is going to hard for him.” Sirius sounded so despairing, Remus pulled him into a hug.

“Lets go get a cuppa and think about what were going to do.” Remus said with a smile, his heart still racing at the vision of naked Harry.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

An hour later, Remus walked back up the stairs to get a book. After the discussion about Harry, Sirius had gone to talk to Kingsley into getting Severus to brew more batches of the wolfsbane potion. Remus almost smiled at Sirius feelings on the matter.

“You mean we have to ask the great greasy bat to help us!” he paced back and forth, Remus shushed him, “Shit…I hope I didn’t wake him,” his eyes looked up at the ceiling and they both listened, silence, “I can’t believe that wanker turned out to be a good guy….bloody Snivellous on the right side…who’d have thought it?”

“I had my suspicions…though he hid it well…Lucius is the one that really surprised me.” Sirius nodded his agreement, the wizarding world stunned to discover that Lucius was a spy. Even having to endure Askaban to protect his undercover role, Narcissa had never suspected and apparently was in the process of divorcing the arrogant blond.

“I hear they’re arguing over who doesn’t get to keep Draco,” Sirius laughed at his own joke and Remus rolled his eyes while trying to keep a straight face.

Remus chuckled to himself while he remembered, finding himself standing outside Harry’s room. A soft whimper echoed in his ears and he burst into the room, fully prepared to comfort the distraught teen. Breath stuck in his chest as the scent of arousal flowed over him, Harry was sleeping fitfully, the teen moaning and writhing on the bed. Remus’ amber eyes fixed on the huge erection tenting the sheet and his face felt like it was flaming with a combination of lust and embarrassment.

Oh Merlin…he’s having a wet dream.

Another lust filled moan spilled from Harry’s parted lips and Remus involuntarily moved towards the bed. His own cock filling and firming

at the tantalising sight of the aroused teen. A low growl reverberated in the room and for a moment Remus thought it was Harry, stunned when he realised it was coming from him. A low rumbling lust driven growl of desire vibrating in his chest.

No!

Touch…lick…mark…submit

The last thought pulled out what air he had left in his lungs, shaking and trembling as he stumbled back. Heart hammering in his chest as he blindly reached for the doorknob. Frightened that Harry would wake and find him standing there, rock hard and insane with lust. Thanking Merlin when he managed to escape the room without detection, fingers fumbling to close the door silently and a low whimper made him bite his lip to hold in a moan of his own. Remus jumped as the telltale flare of the floo announced Sirius' return, walking to see him on shaky legs and Sirius bounded up to meet him at the top of the stairs.

"What's wrong?" his handsome face concerned and Remus tried to stop the tremors in his body, his cock diamond hard in his trousers, "Is Harry ok?" he went to walk past Remus to head to Harry's room, halting when Remus grabbed his arm to stop him, "Remus, what's wrong…owww…you're hurting me."

Remus looked down to see his fingers digging into Sirius' tender flesh, his fingers refused to let go and he was suddenly possessed with the urge to kiss him. Slamming their mouths together in a hungry kiss, Remus muffled Sirius' cries of protest. The denials soon morphing into little hitches of breath, Remus dominated Sirius' mouth and the man eagerly submitted.

"Bed now." Remus growled, his voice deep and husky with sex. Sirius' eyes flared and he allowed himself to be manhandled into their bedroom. Remus ripping at his clothes, the sound of buttons flying and fabric tearing echoing in the bedroom.

"Rem…" Sirius' words swallowed by the wolf's harsh mouth, moaning into the amber eyes man's mouth as he fell back onto the bed.

Mine…mine…mine…mark…make him submit…fuck

Remus yanked Sirius' hair, pulling his head back and exposing his throat which he nipped at furiously. Ignoring the moans of pain falling from Sirius' mouth and his wolf howled inside him.

“You’re mine!” Remus yelled and crushed his lips against Sirius’ panting mouth.

“Yes.” Sirius insisted, his tone shocked and excited, a yelp emerging as Remus flipped him over onto his front. Remus tore Sirius’ trousers down, exposing the firm globes and he leaned forward to bite the tempting cheeks. Sirius’ whimpers of pleasure and pain making his cock twitch, reaching down to pull down his zip and expose his leaking cock. Rough hands pulled Sirius’ cheeks apart and Remus immediately pressed his mouth to the tight pucker, his tongue stabbing at the muscle.

“Oh fuck.” Sirius screamed into the pillow, his moans muffled and Remus’ tongue traced the outer edge of his arsehole before plunging his tongue deep inside the writhing man. Wallowing in the taste and smell of his lover as the tight tunnel enveloped his agile tongue, saliva slicking the way as he mapped the smooth insides. Pulling back to thrust two fingers inside and Sirius clenched around the digits, whimpering at the intrusion.

“Fuck you so hard…mmm…mine…make you mine.” Remus was muttering, the words making Sirius groan and wriggle on the bed, pushing back on the exploring fingers. Remus withdrew his questing fingers and ignored the moans of disappointment, without any warning he lined up his leaking cock and pushed. Moaning aloud as the ring of muscle opened to him and allowed his cock to slide deep in one swift move. Sirius arched his back and a cry of pain filled Remus’ ears.

“Want me to stop!” Remus shouted, his voice dripping with need and Sirius took a breath before shaking his head.

“No..please…don’t stop.” tears spilling down his cheek with a combination of pain and the pleasure of Remus being within him.

The wolf smiled and pulled back until the tip of his cock was perched at the grasping entrance of the writhing blue eyed man. Teasing as he traced the ring with the head of his cock, listening to the frustrated whimpers of his of lover and then ramming deep in one thrust. Sirius’ breath was stuck in his chest, a low gasp of desire escaped as Remus began to plunder his body. The pace hard and fast, the sound of skin against skin the only noise. Remus growled at the sight of his cock being swallowed by Sirius’ willing body, the heat wrapping around his rigid shaft and the scent of sex emanating from Sirius’ flesh. His fingers ran through Sirius’ soft hair, delighting in the moan that

emerged as he pulled his head back roughly. His thrusts deep and Remus' fought not to come in the twitching tunnel. Sirius grasping his cock on every thrust forward. Leaning forward to bite at the tender skin of Sirius' throat, revelling in the whimpers that flowed freely from his undulating lover. Sirius surrendered completely to Remus' ministrations, writhing in his arms as he bit and lapped at his neck. Holding him hard against his chest as he thrust hard and made him scream with pleasure. Rewarding Sirius' submitting to him by tilting his hips and changing the angle of his thrusts, the keening wail from the man beneath him informing him that his cock was brushing up against Sirius' prostate. Incapable of speaking, Sirius let out tiny hitches of breath punctuated by little whimpers, the noise was music to Remus' ears.

"Who do you belong to?" Remus' voice was barely recognisable, the timbre deep and rough.

"Oh fuck…you...You…YOU!" Sirius bellowed, Remus bit hard into his shoulder, his teeth breaking the skin and marking the flesh. Sirius' voice gave out and he wheezed his scream, Remus licked at the wound, and the blood filled his mouth.

"Come!" he breathed out, the taste of copper dancing on his taste buds. Sirius' body seized, every muscle taut as he erupted forcefully onto the sheets below, his cock spurting without having even been touched.

Remus threw back his head and let out a howl of completion, his cock spilling inside the convulsing channel and he lapped at the bite mark. Both men slumped forward. Sirius' body the first to give out and he slipped down onto the bed, Remus still buried deep inside him followed and they both took slow calming breaths.

Mine

Remus opened his eyes and looked at Sirius lying below him, the bite mark no longer bleeding but still raw looking. His heart fell at the sight and he slowly pulled from inside him, wincing as Sirius let out a moan at the sensation.

"Christ, Siri…I'm sorry." Remus whispered, frightened to look into his blue eyes.

"Hey…it's ok…look at me," the soft tone made Remus look into his eyes, Sirius offered him a tired smile, "Wow…you haven't gone all alpha like that for a long time," Sirius wiggled his eyebrow trying to

pull a laugh from the distressed man, “Remember when we first got together…who’d pin me and fuck me senseless?” Remus’ heart skipped at the memories of their first months together, his wolf asserting it’s alpha position, “It’s ok…I’m just going to have a problem walking for a while.” Sirius’ laugh made Remus smile as Sirius turned over and pulled him into a hug.

“I don’t know what got into me.” he muttered as he kissed Sirius’ neck in a tender way, Sirius chuckled.

“I know what got into me.” Remus let out a laugh at Sirius’ joke and they cuddled up, their hearts’ still racing. Remus nestled into the soft arms of his lover, listening to his calming heart and enjoying the tranquillity, the moment destroyed as a loud howl pierced the silence

Sirius

Chapter Notes

This chapter will be from Sirius' point of view.

Graphic sex ;)

“He needs to stay with us,” Sirius spoke, his eyes on Remus to gauge his reaction, his lover had been acting strangely since Harry had been bitten, “I know Molly offered but he needs us,” looking deep into Remus’ amber eyes, “Especially you, Remi.”

It seemed to Sirius that Remus was not going to answer, the wolf suddenly seemed to snap out of what ever trance he was in.

“What?” Sirius noted how weary he looked and reached across to stroke his brow, a lock of his sandy hair hanging over his forehead.

“You’re tired, aren’t you?” he brushed the stray lock of hair, Remus’ eyes fluttered shut at the tender gesture, “Harry will need us,” he looked to make sure Remus was listening this time, “You need to be there for him,” Remus looked at him with a strange expression before offering a strained smile, “Go and get some sleep.” The wolf sleepily nodded his head and walked upstairs leaving Sirius to ponder his unusual behaviour.

The house seemed so quiet, almost unnatural as the house stood silent. Sirius sat at the kitchen table, his mind in turmoil over the situation with Harry. All scenarios echoing and tormenting him, his mind jumbled with thought and feelings.

What if the change drive him insane?

The suicide rate for new werewolves is so high…what if Harry gives up after everything…could this be the thing to break him?

Shaking his head as if to dispel the morose thought invading his brain, he let out a sigh and looked up at the ceiling. Considering Remus' out of character behaviour, sensing that something was troubling his lover. The flare of the floo caught his attention, Molly looking formidable in her flowery dress and apron, her face set and Sirius got the feeling that this would be about Harry.

"What can I do for you, Molly," Sirius felt his face straining to offer her a smile, steeling himself for an argument, "You haven't heard anything else from the hospital have you?" his heart raced for a moment, worried that something had happened since they left, relief washed over him when she shook her head.

"Harry should stay with us." her voice was clear, Sirius wasn't surprised by her words. The Weasleys had insinuated as much at the hospital while they had discussed what to do with Harry.

"No, he need to be with me," Molly huffed, squaring her shoulders and gearing herself to shoot down his reasons, undeterred he ploughed on, "He will need Remus, who better to help with but another wolf and Molly, he's my godson."

“You’ve barely been there for him, we’re the only family he really has!” She shouted and Sirius felt his blood boil, her words cutting him to the very quick.

“James and Lily would have wanted him to be with me,” he lifted his hand to silence her, “I appreciate everything that you’ve done but he’s coming to live with me.” he shocked himself with how calm and collected he sounded.

Molly opened her mouth to speak, her eyes fixed on his and she must have seen something in the blue depths. She huffed her annoyance but nodded her head.

“You get one chance, if I think you’re not doing the best for the boy, he will be leaving with me, understood?” her voice was certain and smug, expecting that he would muck it up somehow. Sirius felt his pulse throbbing in his temple as he struggled to keep his temper in check, Molly merely smiled and excused herself, disappearing into the floo leaving a furious Sirius to stare after her departing back.

“Bitch.” Sirius muttered and let out a long breath.

He passed the time, checking to see of Harry had everything he needed, ordering groceries by owl and cleaning the kitchen. Exhausted he dropped to the chair and rolled his neck to relieve the tension. His eyes drawn to the ceiling, imagining he could see Remus lying in their bed and a flutter filled his chest. Thankful to Merlin that he had another chance with the only man he had ever loved. A shudder travelled up his spine at the memories of his time in Azkaban, the only thing that kept him going were the memories of being in Remus’ arms. Everyday praying that he would get the chance again, feeling

wretched at Remus' belief that he had betrayed James and Lily. Smiling as he remembered Harry's face lighting up when the truth was revealed, his green eyes beaming as Sirius offered him a place to stay. Wishing that they could be sharing the house in better circumstances, having been set on asking Harry to live with them after the war.

Maybe I'll have a chance to be a proper godfather to him now.

He's grown up so much…the young boy is gone…replaced with a man.

A handsome man.

The last thought made Sirius' breath catch in his throat and his face flame with mortification. His mind rebelling with his heart, the rapid beating of the organ revealing his hidden feelings and he tensed his jaw, shaking his head, resolute that his mind would not entertain the idea. His head reeled at the new thoughts that had slowly crept upon him, Harry no longer a child but a strong, determined young man.

Yes…young…too young….Remus…I love Remus.

Secure in the knowledge that his feelings were returned by his amber eyed lover, but disconcerted by his attraction to Harry. The green eyed man the first man to catch Sirius' eyes in a very long time. Nausea rose in his throat at the desires that seemed to brimming under the surface, the only thing keeping him calm about it all was the fact that Remus loved him and Harry was straight. Looking up at the clock, realising that it was almost time to go and bring Harry

home.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxx

Sirius was still wondering why Remus had seemed uncomfortable about picking up Harry when he came across the young man staring out of his hospital window. The moonlight lighting up his face and Sirius' heart felt as if it were breaking at the crestfallen look on Harry's face. Remembering to another time when he had seen that exact look on Remus' face, the longing mixed with fear for the full moon to rise.

"Full moon won't be for another three weeks." Sirius tried to offer a smile but Harry's face was despairing.

"I'm a monster." Harry whispered, his voice tearing out Sirius' heart.

Driven by the need no the urge to console and protect the younger man, Sirius raced to his side, pulling the distressed Harry into his arms. He had to make him see that he was not evil, that it was something that they could deal with together and that he was not alone in his struggle.

"No…you're not a monster," Harry's eyes filled with tears, lowering his head, softly Sirius lifted his chin and looked into his eyes.

So beautiful…his eyes shining so brightly.

Harry broke the gaze, his face showing that he was shaken by the whole thing, Sirius "You are not a monster…oh Harry…listen to me," Harry looked up again, his eyes showing that he believed him, " Everything will be okay." he held the teen tighter in his arms. A sad, lost voice echoed in the room and Sirius could have cried at the sorrow in the tone.

"What am I going to do?" Harry mumbled.

"Well, for a start…you're coming home with me," Harry relaxed into the embrace and Sirius almost smiled, "Remus is staying with me at the moment." Harry looked at him with a gaze akin to gratefulness and Sirius wondered how he was going to tell Harry about his relationship with Harry's former professor.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Harry's behaviour was unusual and Sirius surmised it was due to the changes affecting him. His sense of smell and hearing increased, having detected Remus' presence upstairs. Tiredness was another factor in his strange mood, yawning and looking at him with bleary eyes as Remus led the way. Shocked when Harry undress without any embarrassment, clearly having lived in dorms with the boys had removed any modesty. Sirius avoided looking anywhere but at Harry, Remus seemed stunned and unable to look away. Sirius felt his pulse racing at the glimpse of toned tanned flesh that he could see, his blue eyes looking at Remus who was flushed and surprised, for a brief moment there was a flicker of jealousy.

Is he looking at Harry…is that lust in his eyes?

The moment gone when Remus cleared his throat and Harry flushed, mortified at being naked in front of them. The mood strangely tense and Sirius cracked a joke to alleviate the bizarre atmosphere.

“Right, nature boy…into bed before you catch cold.” Harry offered a exhausted laugh and climbed into bed, his green eyes still watching Remus. Both of them leaving Harry, whose eyes were fluttering shut as they closed the door behind him.

“He’s exhausted.” Sirius wondered why he was stating the obvious, but feeling like he was trying to get Remus to talk, hoping to get an idea for his off behaviour, “This is going to be hard for him.” Remus pondered his words before looking up with a soft smile, Sirius felt that fluttery feeling in his chest.

“let’s go get a cuppa and think about what we’re going to do.” Remus touched his arm and led him down the stairs.

Xxxxxx

Stepping out of the floo, with a mixture of annoyance and relief in his heart. Snape, the great greasy traitor…sorry no spy, he would never get his head around that one. After talks with Kingsley, Snape had

reluctant agreed to continue to brew the wolfs bane potion, using his fear of other potion masters making an inferior potion as a reason. Sirius considered that Snape just wanted a chance to come and torment poor Harry about his bad luck. The drawing room was silent and the kitchen was devoid of Remus, a noise upstairs revealing the wolf's whereabouts. Greeted by a pale and flustered Remus as he reached the top of the stairs.

"What's wrong," Sirius' worst fear appeared in his mind, something was wrong with Harry, "Is Harry ok?" Sirius rushed to go to the teen, Remus grabbed his arm, fingers digging into the flesh, "Remus, what's wrong," the fingers dug deeper and plain flared, "Owww...you're hurting me."

Sirius tried to pull free, Remus looked down at his fingers as if he had no control over the digits, eyes flared with lust and Remus slammed his mouth to Sirius. The kiss painful and Sirius struggled to break free, murmuring his protests into the demanding mouth. Remus' talented tongue swept and mapped every inch of his reluctant mouth. Heat began to build in his veins, the familiarity of the lips on his wiping away the forcefulness. His breath caught in his throat as he returned the kiss, the wolf seemingly determined to dominate his mouth.

"Bed now." the growl in his voice was like pure sex and Sirius was powerless to resist. Allowing himself to be manhandled into the bedroom, fingers tearing at his clothes and Sirius could barely breath. Taking a breath as Remus pushed him onto the bed, crawling over body and holding him down. Rough fingers all over his body setting his flesh alight with lust, the kiss almost feral in its intensity. Remus' fingers pulling and yanking his hair, exposing his neck which he proceeded to bite furious, Sirius couldn't withhold the moans of pain.

"You're mine!" Remus growled, his voice rough with desire and need, Sirius felt a whimper spill from his moaning lips.

“Yes.” the word escaped, shocked at how easily Remus played his body, his skin tingling and his cock rigid with arousal. A sharp intake of breath exploded from his lungs, when Remus flipped him over onto his front, his cock digging painfully into the mattress below him. Cool air drifting overt his heated skin as the wolf tore his trousers down and Sirius bit the pillow to hold in his scream of delight at the development. Swearing filled the room and Sirius realised the words were spilling from his lips. The words tapering into howls of bliss as Remus’ hot tongue traced his pucker before immediately pushing inside, the feel of the agile organ making Sirius struggle to breath. His body writhing under the onslaught and Remus gave him a seconds respite from the pleasure only to ram two fingers inside, Sirius arched his back.

Oh god….fuck….fuck…yes!

Remus’ voice was unnaturally deep, the wolf evident in his voice and the prospect of Moony being in control filled Sirius’ mind with jumbled thoughts and desires. Memories of past experiences with the wolf close to the surface flashed through his mind and his cock dripped onto the sheets below. Need coursing through his veins at the rough treatment, the urge to be fucked hard obliterated any other thoughts.

“Fuck you so hard…mmm…mine…make you mine.” Remus was muttering and Sirius wondered if the amber eyed man could read his mind.

The exploring fingers pulled free with a slick pop and Sirius relaxed waiting for them to return, stunned when the head of Remus’ shaft pushed against the tight ring of muscle. Willing his body to open to

the throbbing length as Remus rammed home in one thrust. A cry fell form his mouth and his body shook with the shock of him thrusting deep inside.

“Want me to stop!” Remus barked and Sirius couldn’t have stopped, the pain mixing with the pleasure of Remus stretching him, he shook his head frantically. Frustration and pain making his eyes fill with tears, desperate for Remus to move.

“No…please…don’t stop.” Sirius begged.

Sirius didn’t need to see his lover’s face to know that he was smirking, his actions made it clear. Pulling his cock from deep inside to tease the outer ring of muscle, almost as if he was waiting for Sirius to beg, Sirius couldn’t open his mouth to say the words, but clenched and unclenched to lure the wolf back inside, rewarded as Remus thrust back in. The pace brutal and fast, Sirius moaning into the pillow and trying to push back against the thrusts. Every thrust filling and stretching him, the pleasure pain taking over his body and his mind. Remus’ fingers grasped his hair, painfully and yanked his head up to expose his neck. The change of position causing Remus to batter against Sirius’ prostate, the sensation made Sirius scream, fireworks exploding behind his eyes. Hitching to catch his breath, soft whimpers falling freely from his lips and he arched his back

“Who do you belong to?” the timbre of Remus’ voice was animalistic and the little voice that was sometimes in Sirius’ head screamed at him.

Submit….he’s your alpha

Sirius' eyes snapped open at the thought, the voice in his head growling and barking for him to submit to his alpha's will.

"Oh fuck…you…You…YOU!" Remus bit into his shoulder, marking him as his own and the voice howled with joy. Remus' thrust increased and Sirius was powerless to resist. An eager tongue lapped at his bitten and overheated skin, a rough barked order filled Sirius' ears.

"Come!" Sirius took a breath and his world stopped, his body tensed as he erupted over the sheets below. The force of his orgasm consuming him from the inside out and he whimpered. A howl echoed in the room and Remus' come coated his tender insides, taking his breath away. His trembling muscles gave out and he slumped forward taking the wolf with him, Remus still imbedded inside him. Lying there in silence as they both caught their breaths, Sirius' mind a whirl of thoughts and emotions.

He hasn't been that rough for years….what brought that on?

Remember your place

The voice faded, forgotten as he opened his eyes and looked into Remus' amber ones. The look of horror on his lover's face breaking his heart.

“Christ, Siri…I’m sorry.” Remus whispered lowering his gaze afraid to look Sirius in the eye.

“Hey…it’s ok…look at me,” he reached to sooth the sandy haired man, Remus looked at him with relief and guilt in his eyes and Sirius was possessed with the need to reassure his upset love, “Wow…you haven’t gone all alpha like that for a long time,” resorting to humour as he always did when unsure what to do, hitching his eyebrow in a saucy way, “remember when we first got together, who’d pin me and fuck me senseless?” Remus smiled with a fond expression, remembering back, “It’s ok…I’m just going to have a problem walking for a while.” Relief washed over him as Remus laughed and snuggled against him.

“I don’t know what got into me.” Remus muttered, pressing tiny kisses to Sirius’ neck making him shiver and giggle.

“I know what got into me.” Sirius whispered, his voice full of filth and Remus laughed before lying in his arms, both of them enjoying the peace. A calm tranquillity that was suddenly shattered by a high piercing howl.

“Harry!” Remus shouted, jumping from the bed and pulling up his trousers, Sirius scrambled to follow. His clothes on the floor in a heap, Remus already flying down the corridor to Harry’s room.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Harry's POV

The world seemed to hit him in the face as he sat bolt upright in bed, scents and sounds bombarding his senses. The feeling and sensation of this combined with his dream was almost too much for him to bear, feeling close to overload. Breath stuck firmly in his chest as he struggled to fill his lungs. Body chilly as his sweat cooled rapidly and for a moment he thought he had wet himself, mortified to see cooling ropes of come on his stomach.

I had a wet dream…..oh Merlin about a wolf sucking me!

Remus

The thought filled his head, a fraction of second before the wolf burst into the room. Harry instantly calmed by the man's presence, grabbing his wand and casting a cleaning spell, refusing to meet Remus' eyes.

"Harry!" Remus immediately by his bedside, concern written all over his face and Harry offered a weak smile.

"I'm okay…just a bad dream." Remus eyed him with suspicion and Harry was mortified that the wolf could tell what type of dream it had been. Sirius ran into the room, flustered and out of breath. Harry felt light headed as the scent of sex washed over him. Semen and sweat filled his nostrils and he felt them flare with a burst of desire. Concentrating on Remus, the scent even stronger and Harry's mind

reeled at the implication.

They're sleeping together

"Oh…oh." His stuttering must have given him away and Sirius' eyes widened with surprise, Remus on the other hand gave Harry a knowing look.

"We were going to tell you…Harry, I just didn't know when to." Sirius babbled and Remus gave Harry a smile, one which he found himself returning.

"Siri, it's okay…take a breath." Remus' voice was mirthful and Sirius gave Harry a sheepish smile.

"How?" Sirius asked, his gaze fixed on Harry.

"I could smell it," Harry uttered, his eyes lowered and avoiding their gaze, his face flushed with a combination of embarrassment and lust. Strange feelings running through his mind, body and brain at war, "You both smell the same, sorry." Remus' fingers brushed the back of his hand and Harry's heart leapt at the touch.

"Harry, it's ok…sense of smell if one of the things that comes with the package," Harry nodded, Remus' eyes were shining with a soft light, "You'll get used to it."

“I know,I thinks it’s great…not the smell but you two being together.” Harry said the words but something in the back of his mind was lingering in the periphery.

Yours….yours…they’re yours!

“Are you sure that it’s ok…we wanted to tell you before everything but..” Harry held up his hand to stop his godfather.

“It’s great…you two seem happy with each other, I’m glad.” he wanted to reassure the two men but found the words eluded him, saved from the strange atmosphere by the shrill voice of Molly calling from the floo downstairs.

“Bloody hell,.. that woman.” Sirius muttered and left the room, swearing under his breath.

Harry locked eyes with Remus, the amber eyed wolf amused by Sirius’ attitude and Harry let out a small laugh. The mood was strange between them, the scent of sex still permeated the room, lingering and seeming to sink into his skin. His spent cock twitched and he found himself mortified by the feelings rushing to the surface.

I’m not gay…why do I want to touch him

Mine…mine…take him!

Heart racing at the words that screamed in his head, the voice full of pure need and rough with lust. Remus sensed his change on mood, his fingers touching his hand again, just a soft caress but the effect was instantaneous and the blood pumped faster to Harry's shaft.

"Are you ok?" Remus' gentle tone did nothing to dissuade his growing erection, Harry merely nodded afraid to speak for fear of his voice wavering.

"Harry, Ginny is here to see you." The moment broken, the words like a cold shower.

"I'll leave you to get dressed," Remus said with a smile, walking to the doorway before he turned to look at him, a strange look on his face, "It will be good for you to be with your girlfriend." Harry went to answer but the wolf had gone.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

The drawing room was a buzz with activity, Molly standing with Sirius both of them eyeing each other with barely hidden disdain. Harry was nearly thrown to the floor by the embrace bestowed on him by Ron, his friend crushing him with elation.

“Mate, you look better, how you feeling?” his eyes viewing Harry with trepidation.

“Tired…but good, thanks.” He returned the hug and Ron practically beamed with happiness. Ginny was standing by the fireplace, her eyes filled with what appeared to be nerves and Harry gave her a weary smile.

“Hey Gin.” Harry said and she flew into his arms, his body responded to her closeness and his heart raced at the memory of her lips on his.

“Oh Harry, are you sure you’re fine?” she pressed a tiny kiss to his cheek and Harry stumbled back at the wave of scent that washed over him. The sweet scent of her perfume, a hint of strawberry probably from the jam she liked on her toast, smoke, woody with a hint of tobacco.

She smokes?

Before he had the chance to process the information another scent assaulted his nostrils, the smell familiar to earlier. Stunned, he tightened the hug, burying his face in her hair and a new underlying smell drifted to him, spicy and masculine. He broke the embrace, pushing her away and the realisation that his new sense had revealed left him nauseated and horrified. Ginny looked hurt at the expression on his face and at his reluctance to hold her.

“Harry, what’s wrong?” everyone was watching them and he looked to Remus, the sad expression on his face confirmed what he knew.

“Who is it?” Harry whispered and Ginny gave him a stunned, bemused gaze angering him, “What’s the name of the man you’re fucking behind my back….I can smell it!”

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